

THE
TEMPEST

of

SHAKESPEARE

THE
MAGAZINE

3 VOL 1

1850-1853

1000

HARVARD
COLLEGE
LIBRARY

THE
TEMPLE
OF LOVE.
A
VISION.

By Mr. LOCK.

*Hic quos, durus Amor crudeli tare peredit,
Secreti celant Calles, & Myrtea circùm
Sylva tegit; Curæ non ipsæ in morte relinquent.*

Vir. l. 6.

Πινεῦμα γδ ἔστι Θεῖος χρῆσις θυητοῖσι, καὶ ἐποῖν,
Σῶμα γδ ὅπερ γαινεῖ ξερόμενον;

Phocylidis Po. Ad.

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THE EMPIRE



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E A V O

A

NATION

B.Y. M'LOCK.

21st January; Cross over 1000 ft in more limestone
22nd January; 2 miles S.E. of Gullane & W. of Musselburgh
23rd January; 2 miles S.E. of Gullane & W. of Musselburgh

Epocalityis No. A4. *Epoca de 39 ou autre époque?* *Qui est ce que l'ordre des choses?*

TONDOY



THIS Piece of Production may seem to some not altogether so agreeable to the World, as being contrary to, and inconsistent with the conceiv'd Opinions and Sentiments of the Present Age ; I confess many Passages therein, seem to tend to the Promotion and Advancement of that Enormous Principle of the Middle State of Souls, of which some few Hints are (I must own) nexcusably obvious, but I would require be near Observers to consider the Subject of the Verse, and the Design of the Poem.

Another Objection may be likewise inter'd against some few Lines, referring to be Antient and well-known (but not so well-esteem'd) Epicurean Philosophy, and the Principles of Lucretius, as these,

A Perjur'd Breath
Is doom'd for Inexistence after Death.

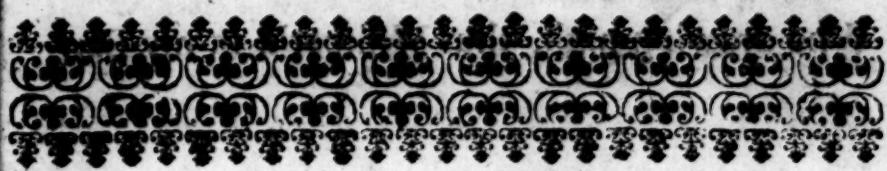
A

Now

Now that the World should raise a Sup-
position or rather an Assuredness, that the
Author holds an entire Inexistence after
Death, he desires the Candid, Impartial
Reader, to remind himself, that he's Writ-
ing a Dream, and that the Subject of a Vi-
sion is Empty, Incoherent and Fictitious.



To



To my Friend Mr. Lock, on his Temple of Love.

When first my Feeble Mind I thought to raise,
To Sing thy Lofty Pen's Success and Praise ;
Long in a rambling Chaos I was lost,
Betwixt a Thousand various Fancies lost ;
Which way or how I might Expressions find,
Suiting your Learned Thoughts and Pregnant Mind ;
When Sleep (to Peasant's Ease, as well as Kings)
My drowsy Eyes clos'd with his Leaden Wings.

Lo ! Venus hurri'd by her Milk-white Doves,
Closely attended with a Thousand Loves ;

Dispatch'd her Beauteous Son and Charioteer,
Who drawing nigh, thus Whisper'd in my Ear.

Great *Venus* warns you not to Court in vain,
The *Muses* to Assist your Rustick Strain ;
Nor longer 'gainst th' Immortal Pow'r's contend,
Who of their Bounty gave you such a FRIEND ;
Rouze your self out of this Lethargick Dream,
And leave Sublimer Wits so great a Theme ;
His Praise a *Muse* more Lofty doth require,
Fill'd with warm Raptures of Poetick Fire ;
Thou art by far more fit; At distance to Admire.
But warn all Criticks that they not presume,
With Envious Snarls to taint the Sacred Dome ;
Farewel. Thus the Immortal Archer spoke,
And vanish'd swift as Wind, or fleeting Smoke ;
And I, with dread Amazement seiz'd, Awoke.

Sidney-Suffex-Colledge,
Cambridge.

Nathaniel Ward.

To

To my Friend Mr. Lock, on
his "Temple of Love."

LET Criticks cease and not pretend t'abuse,
The Lofty Verse of so Divine a *Muse* ;
some Careless Authors Write, tho' ne'er so dark,
and give just Cause t'each Censor's strict remark ;
but here their envious Minds will soon appear,
plain is ev'ry Line, so rich, so clear ;
great your Verse, so soft your Sense appears,
s might become a *Dryden*, not your Years ;
our mighty Verse, Love's holy Fane resounds,
is Lofty Palace, and his Sacred Grounds ;
Whence we presume, that now a Bard we hold,
easy as *Ovid*, and as *Virgil* bold.
Throughout the Work no far-fetch'd Strains we see,
or Giant Flights, Bombastick Ribaldry ;
With equal Wings you raise your ballanc'd Flight,
With easy Pace you drop from such an Height ;

Lo how my Thoughts a mod'rate Course forget,
Proud of a Name so near so Great a Wit ;
Presume not further ; His Immortal Praise
Requires a Nobler Poet's Son'rous Lays ;
The Handsome loose their former Charming Grace
Join'd with a Goddess of a Lovelier Face ;
So consequently must my Verse appear
Eclips'd in Clouds, when Yours, my Friend's so near

Thomas Peachell

To my Friend Mr. Lock, on his Temple of Love.

A CCEPT, my Friend, the offers of my Musi
Nor Homage from a Rural Swain refuse ;
I who on Oaten Reeds have lately Play'd,
And Taught to yield the Lovesick Country Maid ;

Now vainly strive on Oaten Reeds to raise,
To your Immortal Verse, Immortal Praise ;
Would Apollo my Weak Thoughts inspire,
And warm my Tender Soul with equal Fire ;
That I might your untrodden Paths pursue,
And Learn what *Venus* and her Loves can do ;
Criticks be Silent, and now cease for Shame,
To spend your Fury on this Youthful Frame,
And blast the Blooming Crop of this our Poet's Fame.

J. G.

To my Friend Mr. Lock, on his Temple of Love.

MAKE then the Bays ; When scarce a Manly
[Grace,
With downy Shades adorns thy Youthful Face ;
Aeneas has stopt his Carr for Heav'n to hear,
The admiring Nine have lent a list'ning Ear ;

And

And all admit Thee, for thy Fav'rite Song,
Prince of the Grove, and of the Laurel'd Throng;
Ovid's Soft Arts appear in the Design,
And Maro's Majesties conspicuous shine,
With Nature's Force in ev'ry Word and Line.
When you describe the Fair ABODE OF LOVE,
And joyous Pleasures of the Verdant GROVE,
Like Orpheus Songs, the well-rhim'd Numbers move.
Then let me say, for needless is my Praise,
The Muses Fire thy Breast, and Phœbus Tunes thy Lays.

R. N.



1796 [Vol. I] THE TEMPLE



THE

THE TEMPLE

OF

LOVE.

O shun the jarring Tumults of the Town,
TI rang'd a verdant Mead, and laid me down ;
Through which a Lucid River's Silver Streams
Mov'd gently on, reflecting radiant Beams ;
Around its flow'ry Sides a Thousand Dyes,
Of diff'rent Hues, in gay Confusion rise ;
The warbling Birds play round the murm'ring Flood,
And with their Chirpings fill the Neigh'b'ring Wood ;

10 *The TEMPLE of LOVE.*

Now *Phœbus* hasten'd down the Western Way,
And lower Worlds perceiv'd the peeping Day ;
When sleepy Shades o're came my Weak'ning Sight,
And drowsy Slumbers let me know 'twas Night ;
Shadows of Mind in wild Confusion wrought,
And strange Suggestions, incoherent, brought
This Mystic Vision, Phantasm of the Thought.

H V O L I

Before my Eyes a wondrous Temple stood,
Cool'd with soft Zephyrs, and a verdant Wood ;
The Dome, with Noble Architecture rais'd,
Shone like the Sun, and as a Comet Blaz'd ;
Promiscuous Gems star'd with prodigious Light,
Dazzle my Senses, and confound my Sight ;
Here Walls of Diamonds and Pearls are seen,
The red Carbuncle, and the Jasper Green ;

So

The TEMPLE of LOVE. LIBRARY
HARVARD No. 300 II

So have we known, in *India's* gaudy Stores
Unnumber'd Wealth bestrew the Glitt'ring Shores,
The shining Riches may with Meteors vie,
Supply the Place of Stars, and Light the Skie.

The bright resplendent Fane, Transcendant Shines,
Richer than all the Stores of *Indian* Mines ;
It's Roofs sublime with noble Structure rise,
Prop up the Heavens, and Transfix the Skies.

Unto the Gardens first I took my way,
Profusely neat, Magnificently gay ;
Here Rich *Pactolus* round th' Immortal Strand,
Proud in his Riches, rouls his Golden Sand ;
Here, with the Treasures of the *Indies*, meet
The Wealth of *Tagus*, and *Arabian* Sweet ;
Myrtle Grove diffuss'd a pompous Shade,
And Vocal Birds a mingled Consort made ;

12 *The TEMPLE of LOVE.*

The balmy Plants distill'd their fragrant Gums,
And pour'd on Earth a Deluge of Perfumes ;
Fountains aloof their springing Waters bear,
Mount up in Floods, and pierce the yielding Air.
Imperious *Neptune* bold in Triumph rides,
And from his Steeds flow forth impetuous Tides ;
A Marble Scepter fills his Potent Hand,
Proud in his Sway, and haughty in Command ;
Here finny *Triton*, Man unto the Waste,
Grasps his broad Shell, and seems to sound a Blast ;
With God-like Strength he blows the crooked Shell,
'Till Springs gush forth, and Cheeks like Bladders
As when the *Whale* his monstrous Thirst t'appease,
Takes his full Draught, and Quaffs up half the Seas ;
From his vast Head proceed the Waves again,
Salute the Skies, and rush into the Main.

Sirens

Wrens and Nymphs, and all the Ocean Gods,
Were carv'd in Marble, and produc'd their Floods.

Each Tree was Charming, and each verdant Plant
Produc'd a Grateful Odorif'rous Scent ;
Each vernal Bloom was dy'd with diff'rent Hue,
Each op'ning Flow'r was gemm'd with Orient Dew ;
While through the Trembling Foliage of the Trees,
gentle Whispers past a murmur'ring Breeze.

Sweet Fragrances on gentle Zephyrs fly,
and waft their Sacred Odours to the Sky ;
were shone the Purple Rose and Jessamine,
Amaranth, and blooming Eglantine ;
the smelling Myrtle with the Laurel joins,
Bacchus wantons in his loaded Vines.

These, intermingling a sweet Verdure, wove
pleasant Shade, and a delightful Grove ;

14 *The TEMPLE of LOVE.*

No sultry Beams of *Titan* could invade,
The cooling Joys, that mild *Favonius* made ;
When *Phæbus* mounts his hot *Meridian Way*,
Divides the Skies, and parts the doubtful Day,
The Friendly Leaves let in but such a Light,
As may distinguish middle-Day from Night ;
Bright limpid Streams, as they with Warblings flow,
Fresh Beauty to the Flow'ry Groves bestow'd :
Warbling they flow'd, but with such gentle pace,
As loath to leave, and proud t' adorn the Place ;
In wild *Meanders* turning they surround
The distant Borders of the blissful Ground ;
Then run in murmur'ring Mazes through the Trees,
And add fresh Coolness to the passing Breeze.

Then I forsook the Gardens and the Wood,
And found the Door which always open stood ;

re which in view, Two furious *Rams* were wrought,
Each with prodigious Strength contending fought;
The Wooly Warours in dire Battle strove,
With Horns Robust, each for his dearer Love;
With fierce Distraction fir'd, both wildly stare,
Provokè the Fight, and animate the War.

Next these in Rank by Cupid's Art was made
Shaggy *Lyon* with a Woman's Head;
The Female Face look'd soften'd and serene,
But vicious Thoughts and Lust were couch'd within.

By which an *Elephant*, a Noble Beast,
The Pride of *Lybia* and the distant East,
Did bowing down, and bowing seem'd t'adore,
With suppliant Knees, that never bent before.

16 *The TEMPLE of LOVE.*

A Rav'neous *Wolf* stood next of Female kind,
Prone to foul Incest, and to Vice inclin'd ;
Hyena next, Unconstant as the Wind.
With Thousands other Beasts around them plac'd,
For various and distinctive Natures grab'd.

Vast Massy Hinges rec'd with splendid Gold,
Of purest Worth, the lofty Doors uphold ;
Soon as I enter'd in (Tremendous Sight)
Dire shapes of Forms perplex me with Affright ;
Here Hate and Thoughtful Jealousies appear,
Tormenting Rigour, and Suspicious Fear ;
Ambitious Pride, and Villanous Disdain,
Unlawful Hopes, and Lust's immod'rare Pain ;
Here base Aversion in her Station stood,
Loath'd with Excess of Love's delicious Food ;

The TEMPLE of LOVE. 17

Next these, Vexation Melancholy lies,
No sweet Repose e'er Seals her watchful Eyes ;
Portentous Dreams, and Lustful Slumbers fly
Around the Dome, while Sloathful Luxury
In hideous Posture set, allures the Letch'rous Eye.

At this foul Spectacle, my chilling Blood
Settled within my Breast, and Frigid stood ;
Half broken Speeches on my Palate hung,
And fault'ring Accents struggled on my Tongue ;
My stiff'ning Hair aloft erected stood,
Like spungy Rushes near the current Flood ;
When lo ! I turn'd my Eyes and saw a Queen,
Rich in her Garb, and lovely in her Mien ;
A Spring perpetual flourish'd in her Face,
Splendid her Dress, and God-like was her Grace ;

18 The TEMPLE of LOVE.

No griping Cares contract her cheerful Brow's,
But all Divine and Fair the Goddess shows ;
Fan'd by her *Cupids* in a Chair of State,
Grac'd with a pompous Throne th' Immortal fate ;
The wanton Crowd around the Maiden play,
And with their Wings dispel encroaching Day ;
Hov'ring with Silver Plumes around her Head,
Feign'd Zephyr's blow, and cooling Darknes's spread ;
Whilst these officious guard their Beauteous Queen,
From prejudicial Beams ; A busy Scene
Of various Labours draws my wandring Eyes,
And Pigmy *Cupids* add a new surprize.

Deep in an hollow Vault, a Cave there lay,
Obscure and Vast, hid from the sight of Day ;
Where skilful Nature's Industry imparts
Cecropian Skill, and *Dedalian* Arts ;

A bending Arch there stood of *Parian* Stone,
Thro' which Tremendous Flames of *Vulcan* shone;
Here lab'ring God's pursue their various Toils
With *Lemnian* Skill, and fam'd *Cyclopean* Wiles;
Part quell in Fire the rude unpolish'd Mass,
Part on the Anvil work the yielding Brass;
Part melt the Golden Oar in sounding Flames,
Till all the Grot with Rich Metallic Streams
Swims in a wealthy Flood; Ten studious ply
The wind'y Bellows Strength with huge Validity;
Part turns the forming Work in crooked Tongs;
The fiery Labour's urg'd with Am'rous Songs;
Some on the Whetstone rub their Arrow's Head,
Some Arm their Darts with Gold, and some with
[Lead.
Thus all Laborious take incessant Pains,
Tire their small Limbs, and swell their rising Veins;

Not one stood still, but all with endless Toils
Compos'd their Acts, and glory'd in their Spoils;
Which when they've form'd, the gaudy labour'd show
Adorns the Wall, to boast the Feats they do.
Thus frugal Bees, in *Cancer's* sultry Heats
Pour forth in Air, and leave their Waxen Seats;
Some rob the Fields, and cull the gaudy Flow'rs,
Pearl'd with descending Dews, and genial Show'rs;
Some on their Wings with careful Love will try
Their callow Brood, and teach their Young to fly;
Some ease their weary'd Friends, and with their Loads
Fashion their Combs, and form their neat Abodes;
Or with their Pointed Stings enraged drive
The hostile Sluggards from the fragrant Hive;
Thus they industrious Toil, and studious Work
to Live.

The TEMPLE of LOVE 23

But lo ! On t'other Side by *Venus* Hand,
I saw a God in awful Posture stand ;
The God renown'd that secretly imparts
Unlawful Passions to the Chaste^b Hearts ;
A Quiver grac'd his Back, and by his Side
A Golden Bow was hung with glorious Pridel ;
His shining Hair on his bright Shoulders Trails,
And play'd around, as Zephyrs Fan'd their Gales ;
With Air Divine his Golden Locks were spread,
And parted equal, crown'd his God-like Head.
Amaz'd I stood, and thus astonish'd broke
My long-kept Silence, and admiring spoke.
Ye Gods, where have my wandering Senses been !
What wondrous Charms ! What Objects have I
seen ! And

22 *The TEMPLE of LOVE*

And now, behold ! New glorious Sights Transport
My ravish'd Sense, and Scenes of various sort
Elate my Thoughts to Raptures proud and high,
Too deep to be express'd by frail Mortality ;
Supriz'd I view so bright, August a Scheme !
My height'ning Joys, and blissful Transports seem
A fleeting Vision, and a transient Dream.

Then thus the Goddess ; 'Tis a Dream you see,
But Dreams portentous oft and boding be ;
Cast hence your Eyes around, and see the Fates
Of envy'd Monarchs, and subverted States ;
See the great Acts of Love, Love conquers all,
Makes Kingdoms War, and ruin'd Nations fall ;
What made our King the great Immortal Jove,
Descend in Antic Figures from above,
Put off the God, and Mimic in his Love ?

b. A.

? 'Twas

The TEMPLE of LOVE 23

was this my Son's Intrigue ; His Fateful Darts
Can reach the Gods, and touch Immortal Hearts.

Thus spoke the Cyprian Dame, and I reply'd,
Great Queen of Love, Earth's Guard, and Heaven's
[Pride ;
Whose Approach the troubled Ocean's Tide
Calms its rough Surface, and the Seas Subside ;
To whom in various ways each Creature bows,
And to thy Name meek Veneration shows ;
Ask then Great Deity, for thou canst tell,
What Dire Mischance these Scepter'd Kings besel.

These Pray'rs I utter'd, when the God-like Maid
Smil'd, and thus with smiling said.

To gratify this boldness would require
nobler Bard to Tunc his Son'rrous Lyre ;

However

24 *The TEMPLE of LOVE.*

However *Cupid* take your Harp, and try
Notes soft and clear, Tunes well compos'd and high
Let it lament each Figure's diff'rent Fate,
Tune with soft Mournings, and their Love's relate
Thus spoke the Queen : When at the high

Command Obsequious *Cupid* takes his Lyre in Hand ;
His nimble Fingers with a Skill profound
Dance on each String, and on each Note resound.

Here he bewail'd, how far old *Priam's* Son
Had through the Dangers of the Ocean run ;
Proud to possess, and Studious how to sieze
The Flow'r of *Asia*, and the Rose of *Greece*.
Next *Clytemnestra's* Deeds ; How when the Bowls
Had drown'd their Reasons, and inflam'd their Souls

The Bloody Tyrant flew the Gracious Prince,
Thoughtless of Sin, and hopeless of Defence.
Then he describ'd Orestes as he stood,
Bath'd in Maternal Gore, and hor'd with Streaming
His just Revenge in lofty Strains he told,
Soft in his Rage, and with that Softness bold
Greatly he Sung, how held by Beauties Charm
The furious Murderer stays his falling Arm;
How thrice H' essay'd to move his Fateful Hand,
Thrice Filial Pity made him pausing stand;
At length he rises for the Deadly blow,
Thoughts of his Father made his Passions flow;
Nobly he play'd, and told what beauteous Grace
Was lost in Death, and left the squalid Face,
And thus compar'd her Fate, to Purple Flow'r's
Weigh'd down by Storms, and wet with frequent
Show'r's;

26 *The TEMPLE of LOVE*

As with a weary'd Neck the Poppies bow,
Cut by the crooked Hooks or sharpen'd Plough;
With languid Head the Pride neglected lies,
And from the sever'd Roots divided Dies.

Next he relates the vast Henry's Fame, who R
Enslav'd to Women, and consum'd in Flame, ni slo
Then he describes how miserable Shee
Curst the strict Laws, and begg'd from Deeps to Dost,

Next Henry's Darling, and the World's fair Flower,
And all the winding Mazes of the Bow's; i s m t
How the Queen's jealous Rage and Vengeance burn'd,
How Fears and Hopes her wayring Reason swold;

How the Nymphs Language, and her falling Tears,
Softn'd with glowing Guilt, and rising Heats, 25 W

At once produce her Pity, and her Rage, and h A
At once provoke her, and at once asswage; b d g o W

What

What Secret Damps of Pity wrec'k'd her Soul,
And how the Fair quaff'd up the Pois'nous Bowl.

Thus Sung the God ; And all the Fane around
Returns the Echo, and repeats the Sound ;
But Emulation tore his Anxious Breast,
His envious Soul malitious Thoughts opprest ;
Conscious he saw, and own'd himself undone,
By the Judicious Pen of Deep-read Addison.
Sense of the Conquest and a noble Shame
Torment his Heart, and rage with gen'rous Flame ;
In his fierce Eyes Remorse and Vengeance glow,
And rising Passions in his Bosom flow ;
Whilst thus his Rage o're-rul'd his Anxious Breast,
In such like Words the God himself exprest.

28 *The TEMPLE of LOVE.*

Shall I be Thought th' Immortal God of Love,
Fam'd for my great Exploits, and Conquests over
Jove?

No whining Lovers shall my Shrine adores,
My empty Altars now shall shine no more ;
No suppliant Slaves shall offer precious Gums,
And load my Sacred Shrine with rich Perfumes ;
But all my Temples unguarded lye,
And Men presume on Immortality ;
Then see the Pow'r of Gods.—When thus he spoke,
A Fatal Arrow from his Back he took,
And thus proceeded ; Go my dearest Dart,
And lodge thy self in Addison's great Heart ;
Go seek his worthy Soul, and thence inspire
The secret Seeds of Matrimonial Fire ;
Satiate thy self with his Immortal Blood,
The warmth of such a Breast will do thee good ;

With that the Silver Bow th' Immortal Brac'd,
And on the String the luckless Arrow plac'd ;
He drew the Bow (inflam'd with Hope and Fear)
Till his Right Hand directly reach'd his Ear ;
Double the sounding, stubborn Metal bends,
Cracks with the Force, and joins its meeting ends,
The Feather'd Death flies missive on the Wing ;
ounds the strong Bow, and twangs the quiv'ring
String.
The winged Weapon reach'd his ample Breast,
And settled in the Concave of his Chest,
Thence past the compact Substance of his Heart
To the left Ventricle, whence ev'ry Part
Fresh Circling Blood by ductive Channels has,
To warm the Whole, and feed the Moving Mass.
With this dire Wound the Prince of Poets fell,
Who says so little, and performs so well ;

He,

90 *The TEMPLE of LOVE*

He, who so long all Dangers had withstood,
Reform'd our Times, and Taught us to be Good.

(Inchban egoH dirw b'muslin) wod ois weib alre

Thus when a Ship long time had spread her Oars
O're famous, rocky Shelves, and dang'rous Shores,
Charybdis' Fates, and Barking Scylla's Reats.
While yet She Tempts the Waves, some secret Rock
Obstructs her Force with dire, resistant Check,
Whence She Repugnant Cracks, and at her side
Admits the Waves, and sucks the bubbling Tide.

When thus the God; See then each Mortal's Fate,
The Wound will come, and heavy tho' 'tis late;
But if the future Danger's drop but slow,
Sure they descend with a resistless Blow;
Thus Cupido when a sudden Crack confounds
The noble Fabrick; And with mingled Sounds

The TEMPLE of LOVE. 31

last Columns rise, and form in Antique Mold,
pompous Arch, roof'd with resplendent Gold, w
ere which, the various Seasons of the Year,
and Love's great Feasts and Festivals appear;
Each Day and Month was wrote on Panel'd Stone; T
and wrought in Gold the Sculptur'd Cyphers shone;
High o're the Arch was wrought a Pair of Doves,
Embl'd Hieroglyphicks of unspotted Loves; n
the Paphian Birds in fierce Enjoyments stand,
and as alive their quiv'ring Wings expand; o'
and, luscious Kisses each alternate give,
ake Love in Gold, and in gay Metal Live! T

To this blest sight the God my Footsteps let,
and when approach'd, sh' Immortal kindly said; A
e here an happy Crowd in every Part, look and T
ot made by Labour, nor compos'd by Art, vidua

Each

32 The TEMPLE of LOVE.

Each spends his Time in Sports, and am'rous Play,
Wantons in Pleasures, and deceives the Day;
Nothing torments their Thoughts but mutual Love,
Secure in Ease, and a delightful Grove;
These all Successful in their Amours liv'd,
Roul'd in Delights, and in their Wishes thriv'd;
Who when the Fates appoint them each their Grave,
The Prince, the Swain, the Monarch and the Slave;
If blest in Love, here all promiscuous tend,
To this Retirement they must all descend.

Those who have prosper'd in unlawful Fires,
In vicious Letch'ry, and profuse Desires ;
Stain'd with Pollutions of forbidden Love,
Are not permitted to possess the Grove;
Thus spoke the Deity, and through the Gate
Ambitious stalk'd, with more than Mortal State.

The TEMPLE of LOVE 32

Passing the Arch touch'd with surprize I stood ;
For lo ! Not far from thence an horrid Wood,
Thick with dark Trees, and Thorns, and Bushes, lay,
To hinder Passage, and obstruct the way ;
But Cupid led, and I pursuing found,
No prickly Brambles could inflict a Wound ;
Thro' the thick Shades the Fragrant Air exhales,
[Gales.
The nearer we approach, more fresh, more od'rous
A Wood of Trees produc'd Superfluous Blooms,
And form'd a Wilderness of Sweet Perfumes.

We then no sooner past this various Scene,
But dark Retreats of Vales, and Meadows Green,
Streams Warbling, Sunny Hills, a Flow'ry Plain
My wondring Eyes and Fancy entertain ;
None with Expressions can the Joys repeat,
None represent in Compass of Conceit.

Innum'rous Swarms of pallid Ghosts around
Possess the Pleasures of the Blissful Ground ;
In various Sports and Games themselves employ,
And Joys profuse, but Innocent enjoy ;
What Nature teaches, and persuades them to,
To what their Fancy leads them, all pursue.

Thick, as the Leaves in cold Autumnus Reign,
Pour down from High, and hover o're the Plain ;
Thick, as the Fowls, when for a warmer Sky
They shun the Rage of Heav'n's Inclemency.

Here part with rich *Affyrian Oil*, anoints
Their stiff'ning Limbs, and smooth their supple
Joints ;
There Part more curiously inclin'd, Resorts
To solemn Games, and antient Publick Sports,

The TEMPLE of LOVE 35

Here some incited with the Lust of Praise,
And base Reflections on a foul Disgrace,
Stretch to the Goal, to win the doubtful Race.
Fleet as a Dart they fly; The lazy Wind
With flagging Pinions saunters far behind;
As sudden Light'ning o're the Plain they pass,
Nor print the Ground, nor bend the Springing Grass.
Here part will Jumping use, and nimbly rear
Their active Bodies in Immortal Air,
As high, and full, as distant from the Ground,
As the Proportion of a Man is found.

Part, in the Custom of the Gracian State,
With Youthful Vigour toss the Pond'rous Coat;
The far-divided Marks receive the falling Weight.

36 *The TEMPLE of LOVE.*

Part more robust and valid, will prepare
With Sinewy Force, to throw the Brazen Bar ;
Their Nervous Arms with such a Strength can fling,
That the vast Mass, when it has took the Wing,
Mounts like an Arrow from the sounding String.

A Stone like this in weight employ'd the rest,
With Autumn's Green, and blooming Vigour blest.

Part with vast Whirlbats Fight, whose pond'rous
Leader
Sounds round the Ear, and whizzes o're the Head.

Part drive the kindling Chariot o're the Plains,
And stooping forwards give the loosen'd Reins ;
Mean time, the sounding Whip's assistant Force
With sudden smacks incites the stretching Horse ;

Such

ch the Desire of Praise ; While Clam'rous Cries
loud Applaudants pierce Superior Skies.
These Manly Pastimes Gracian Youths admire,
And what they once pursu'd, they now desire.
Next the bold Romans of a Martial Race
With sundry Games, the happy Regions Graec
No hostile Sports, or cruel Pastimes strain
With impious Blood the fair Celestial Plain ;
S Freed from War's harder Toils, now wanton Ease,
Days uncontrol'd, and am'rous Pleasures please ;
No more, like Men of Savage Natures Race,
Ant the wild Boar, and Rueful Lyons Chace ;
But milder Exercises all pursue,
Surer Joys their vary'd Nature's shew ;
Some curious Arts employ, and some Delight
Mimick Conquest, and Fictitious Fight.

Plac'd

38 The TEMPLE of LOVE.

Plac'd here, the banish'd Bard Compo'd his Lay,
Crown'd with fresh Laurels, and Immortal Bays;
Th' unhappy Poet still pursu'd his Theme;
His Candid Verse flow'd like a Whisp'ring Stream
Of Warbling Floods, when from the distant Hill
Each Note resounds, and each soft murmur'ring Rill
Divine *Corinna* still employ'd his Muse,
Nought without Love can his swift Pen produce;
If he describes a Bloody Fight, he's low,
Nature, and Love in all Descriptions flow;
No Epick Flights, or vast Gigantick Veins
Heave into Bombast, but his gliding Strains
With Air Venereal, and Soft Passions move;
No Muse but *Venus*, and no Theme but Love.
Cool Myrtle shades, in nat'r'l Arbours spread,
Luxuriant flourish round his Sacred Head.

Next him, the *Tean* Lyrick Poet sate,
Sweet in his Thoughts, and in his Trifles great;
Loves wanton'd by him, and around his Head
Wives, with their Fragrant Burdens loaded, play'd;
With Trembling Hand a flowing Goblet fill'd,
And from his Mouth sweet Honey Dews distill'd.

Here lofty *Horace*, tun'd his Son'rous Lyre,
With wanton Flights, and curb'd his daring Fire;
In each Strain he play'd Heroically Great,
Sweet was his Numbers, and the Cadence Sweet;
But in each sprightly Thought some Love remain'd,
In ev'ry Ode some soft Luxuriance Reign'd;
Round the *Roman* Bard promiscuous play'd
The Letch'rous Satyr, and the Blushing Maid;
Before his Tuneful Lyre a Pair of Loves,
Held a bright Chariot drawn by spotless *Doves*;

40 *The TEMPLE of LOVE.*

Mad Bacchanals join'd in a Frantick Round
With Antick Figures shake the Trembling Ground.

Proprius next, and soft Tibulus Sing,
Sweet Gallus too Torments the quiv'ring String;
Each in their proper Strains their Loves relate,
And in their Labours bless their present State ;
O're all their Heads descending Chaplets hung,
And wav'd by Zephyrs Danc'd to what they Sung;
Victorious Laurel-Crowns, and verdant Bays,
Dispel the piercing Light of Solar Rays ;
So thick the Shade that Times invidious Hate
Could never reach the Bow'r in which they sate ;
On ev'ry Chaplet shone the Poet's Name,
Each glorious Garland told the Author's Fame ;

The TEMPLE of LOVE 41

These Envious Time strives vainly to Deface,
Supplanting in the former Cypher's Place
Inglorious Tales, and Infamous Disgrace.

But through his Blots the Noble Names shine forth,
With greater Light, and more Intrinsick Worth.

From these distinguish'd, with fresh Garlands
Crown'd,

Th' Immortal Shade of Cowley's Ghost I found ;

No Anxious Troubles in the King's Affairs,

No Thoughts of Journies, or of Civil Cares

Torment his Soul, or Discompose his Breast,

Of Worldly Fears entirely dispossess.

Chaste, Am'rous, and Delightful Themes, produce

A Subject Matter for his daring Muse ;

No Flights Obscene, or Letch'rous Strains defile

His copious Lines, and comprehensive Stile ;

Yet Nobly Lofty was his Verse, in which
With Judgment solid, and with Fancy rich,
With Numbers beauteous, and with Thoughts sub-
lime,
He boldly Sung his inoffensive Rhime;
Around his Head, Thousands of Cupids play'd,
And fence'd the Poet with an Heav'nly Shade;
Weav'd Crowns of Garlands, Flow'rs, and vernal
Boughs,
With Nodding Verdure, hide his Sacred Brows;
Sometimes a Chariot, hurry'd by a Pair
Of sweet-Tongu'd Swans, convey him thro' the Air;
Soaring aloft, the sounding Chariot flies,
Lost in the Clouds, and buri'd in the Skies;
From whose bright Splendour, and amazing Flight,
Shoot thro' the Air resplendent Streams of Light;
And from whose Birds, soft-warbling Anthems bring
Delightful Sounds, like Zephyrs of the Spring;

The TEMPLE of LOVE. 43

In lower Air the swift-wing'd Fowls would go,
Nor Nobly High, nor Despicably Low ;
Yet something Natural and Great appear'd,
Sweet Raptures, gentle Airs, and Notes, I heard,
With soothing Softness blest, and for calm Joys
Thus have we seen some River's Chrystal Tide
With gentle Motions thro' the Channel Glide,
And unperceiv'd to pass, salutc his Warbling Side.
Or when we hear kind Gales of murmur'ring Breeze
Brush thro' the Woods, and Fan the Whistling Trees.

From these distinct, the lovely sacred Nine
Sound all their Harps, and Heav'nly Notes design ;
The skilful Choir posses'd a cooling shade,
Which Laurel Scenes impenetrable made ;
Impervious to the Sun the Seats were plac'd,
With Spring perpetual, and rich Foliage Grac'd.

44 The TEMPLE of LOVE.

First Great Calliope of various Things,
With Fire's instinct, Poetick Raptures Sings ;
Her sundry Fables first of *Orpheus* tell,
His Magick Musick, and Descent to Hell ;
Next rais'd her Story, and in Loftier Strains
She mention'd *Theseus*, and *Alcides*'s Pains ;
The Gracian Chiefs that Fought at *Priam*'s Wall,
The Ten Years Siege, and *Troy*'s unhappy Fall.

Garlands of Flowers, Crown'd her Youthful Head,
And shining Laurels o'er her Shoulders spread ;
Her Fair Right Hand with boasting Pride displays
Th' *Odyfes*, *Iliads*, and *Aeneas*'s Praise.

Next Clio's Lines, tho' loose, yet skill'd relate
Great *Cyrus*'s Death, and *Alexander*'s Fate ;

Then

The TEMPLE of LOVE. 45

Then Remus's Birth and Death, the Savage Beast
That Nurst the Twins; and how the Town enreas'd;
Iam'd Scipio's Conduct in the Punick War,
*M*annibal's Prowess, and Industrious Care.

Wreaths of fresh Bays adorn'd the Glorious Maid,
In her Left Hand *Thucydides* was laid; w best H
Golden Trumpet Sounded at her Mouth, new to H
and reach'd the distant East, West, North, and South.

Next *Erato* with curious Skill imparts
Fair *Venus*'s Tricks, and wanton *Cupid*'s Arts;
Ilio's Fond Passion to the *Trojan* Prince,
And what Afflictions she deriv'd from thence.

The Sweets of Roses, and soft Myrtle Bands A
Her Forehead Grac'd, a Bow and Harp her Hands;

46. *The TEMPLE of LOVE.*

A Winged Cupid, by the Am'rous Maid,
Arm'd with a Quiver, and his Harp was laid.

Learned Thalia, with a Fluent Tongue,

Of Comick Acts in looser Numbers Sung.

Her Head with Creeping Ivy Leaves was Crown'd,

For wanton, and lascivious Thoughts renown'd,

And in her Hand a Vizard Mask was found.

Tragick Metamorphose with Buskin'd Rage

Roars out the Fury of the Blust'ring Stage,

Alceste's wretched Troubles she design'd,

Medea's Furious, and Inhuman Mind.

A Serious Look, and Wealthy Garb she wears,

Her Royal Hand Scepters and Poniards bears.

The TEMPLE of LOVE 47

Artful Enterprise with her Roscal Lip,
And nimble Fingers urg'd the Tuneful Pipe;
In Learned Verse, this skilful Muse imparts
Mysterious turns of Thought, and Logick's puzzling
Arts.

Her Head with Flow'rs was deck'd profusely Gay,
And by her Side the Lute and Hautboy lay.

Skil'd Polymnia with her moving Hands,
And Active Gestures, all her Words Commands.
In a White Robe and Pearls the Muse was drest,
And her Left Hand PERSUASION express.

Divine Urania Sings th' Unconstant Moon,
The Wandring Planets, and the Travelling Sun;

In

48 *The TEMPLE of LOVE.*

In both her Hands a pond'rous Globe she bears,
Clad in a Cloth of Azure, Crown'd with Stars.

Tespichore Torments the Trembling Strings,
And to her Pleasant Musick sweetly Sings.

A Lute her Hand, her Head a Crown, and round
Musical Instruments adorn'd the Ground.

In all their Songs and Airs, each jointly strove
To move soft Wishes, and excite to Love ;
Such Am'rous Notes were mix'd as cou'd inspire
The chaste Heart with Seeds of loose Desire ;
And work the Wiseſt Thoughts to burn with
Paffion's Fire.

I turn'd mine Eyes, and saw a curious Grot,
In winding Vaults, and ſecret Arbours cut ;

The TEMPLE of LOVE 49

No Paint, no Gold, no Silver Statues ihone,
No monstrous Pyramids of *Parian* Stone ;
Yet nought was wanting that could Charm the Eyes,
Nought that could strike Amazement or Surprize,
All was Simplicity, like Blissful Paradise.
The circling Woodbines creep on ev'ry Side,
And deck'd in Flow'rs extend their rural Pride ;
The Rich Luxuriance of *Lenean* Vines
Infold the Den, and spread in mazy Twines ;
By which a Limpid Stream in Whisp'rings pass'd,
With Wealthy Banks, and Flow'ry Honours Grac'd ;
Here od'rous Stores in great Profusion grow,
Whate'er the Bosoms of the Spring can show ;
Whatever Stores Autumnal Seasons bear,
Flourish'd Abundant, and Perfum'd the Air ;
Here the fair Number of the Graces fate,
In Sporting Pleasures, and Luxurious State ;

50. *The TEMPLE of LOVE*

No Day was there, for Lamps afford a Light,
And shooting Tapers twinkle thro' the Nights
The sparkling Liquors and delicious Wine
Flow'd forth from Jars, as when the Pow'rs Divine,
Meaning to Feast, with God-like Mirth diffuse
Celestial Nectar's Sweets, and Great *Ambrosia's* Juice.
Then taking Hands with nimble, active Feet,
The verdant Grass in various Figures beat;
No Walk, now turn, now in one circling Round,
With merry Madness shake the trembling Ground;
Each Lushy Tree, Submissive gave a Nod,
Each Flow'r aroste to Blest th'advancing God;
To view the Deity, (a Glorious Show!)
Young Beanteous Maids in long Precession go,

So charm'd by great *Amphion's* Magick Lute,
Woods, Mountains follow'd, and the Beasts were

The

The TEMPLE of LOVE. 51

The list'ning Stones Obsequiously obey'd,
And Diap'd the Numbers that the Poet play'd.

One of the Train more Glorious than the Rest,
With Graceful Sweetness, and soft Candour Blest,
Acessit th' Immortal; Here in Peaceful Love
We Reap the Joys, we Labour'd for Above;
The same more Happy led their Days than I,
If — Cupid griev'd with Trouble made Reply;
True, Royal Queen, perhaps thy Subject's Hate
Hasten'd thy Death, and forc'd Thee to thy Fate;
Why grieve you now? Thou know'st this Happy Place
Holds no Disorder'd Heart, or Piteous Face;
Let Cares dissolve, let looser Pleasures Reign
In ev'ry Breast, and soften ev'ry Vein
From ev'ry Troublous Fear, and ev'ry Thought-
ful Pain.

With that the Mighty Fair Commands the Train;
Go search the Fields, and pick the Flow'ry Plain,
Ge cull the gaudy Treasures of the Grove,
Weave your best Garlands for the God of Love;
Hast, Dearest Sisters, whilst the Dewy Show'rs
Drop Orient Pearls around the spangled Flow'rs;
Gather the humid Gems, and humble beads
These Fragrant Gifts, with Vows, and Ardent P'say'r;
Before bright *Phosphor* ushers in the Day,
Before the Dews are suck'd by *Titan's* Ray.

This said; The brisk, Industrious Rout prepare;
In Decent Knots they tye their flowing Hair;
Some wander o'er the Hills, some thro' the Vales,
Some rob the Groves, and some the sparkling Dales;
Like Swarms of Bees, when up the Flow'rs they climb,
For Fragrant Loads of Wax, and Spoils of Thyme;

ne with dark Vi'lets, snowy Lillies Weaves, ^{soft}
ne mixes Thyme with Myrtle's smelling Leaves ;
his shines with Iron Blew-bells, t'other goes ^{shrub}
ofuseely deck'd with Foliage of the Rose. ^{in eveM}

While thus they Labour'd, all the Groves around,
With Vocal Sweetness, and a mingled Sound
Syrea's subtle Frauds, and fatal Songs rebound.
St'ned to the soft, melodious Noise,
And look'd to know the Authors of the Voice;
Then as I turn'd my Face, ye Gods ! I found
The Dearest *Violetta* on the Ground ;
She shun the sultry Raging of the Day,
The cool Bosom of the Grot she lay ;
Tufts of Flow'r's reclining in the Shade,
With careless Grace, her lovely Limbs were spread,
Her Fair Right Hand sustain'd her Drooping Head.

The Happy Right with heedful Caution prest
The Milky Mountains of her Snowy Breast ;
Under her Touch the throbbing Beauties move,
Move with soft Airs, and Dance a Tune to Love,
While Zephyrs, murmur'ring in the Covert, dare
Nor brush her Garb, nor discompose her Hair ;
But o'er her Breast the Trembling Foliage play'd,
And from Encroachments fain'd the Darling Maid
Next her the Triple Guardian Graces stood,
Under the Shadow of an Oaken Wood ;
The Winged Cupids took their Silent Seat,
Where secret Shades compos'd a cool Retreat ;
The Waving Branches held the fatal Bow,
With pleasing Fires the Pendant Quivers glow ;
Part nimble Sports in Impish, Am'rous Play,
Part o'er the Groves, part in the Thickets stray,
Searching for Birds' Nefts thro' the prickly Way.

art will the Dewy Apples croop, and bear
the ruddy Present to the Maiden Fair; V
art climb the struggling Vines, and reach on high
with active Fions, th' Elen's Sublivity; I
art keep their Station, or in Gentry move, w^t o^t d
and shew Audacious Dryads from their Love, and s^t t
the curious Rural Gods, and Sylphs of the Grove; J
sometimes the Darts are aim'd, and Bows are drawn
A flight the Boldness of the distant Fawn.
his Airy Figure, wanton Cupid made,
empty Phantom, and an hollow Shade; O
cheating Shape, wish-Voice without a Thought; I
Transient Form, of Smoke and Shadows wrought.
such, as in Roman Tales we have Read,
y round the Gloomy Mansions of the Dead; O
such, as Nightly Fictions, that delude
the drowsy Sense with false Similitude;

And

56 The TEMPLE of LOVE.

And wrapt in order carry Subject Themes
For lying Visions, and Deceitful Dreams.
Yet this Fair Frame by God-like Art design'd,
With its false Form deceiv'd my Ravish'd Mind;
She saw my Folly, and her Silence broke,
In Shrieking Notes the Beauteous Fiction spoke.
Heav'n's aid my Wrongs; The Burden of my Grief
Requires no Blessing, but a kind Relief;
Rake Stores of Thunder from each distant Pole,
And crush the rising Passions of my Soul;
Yet, Gracious Pow'rs, if Justice's Rights can move
Impartial Gods to blast the Man I Love;
Let it be so; Vengeance becomes the Gods,
Vindictive Laws proceed from those Abodes;
“ Our Sex, alas! To Thoughtless Love's inclin'd;
“ Fickle our Thoughts, and Wanton as the Wind;
“ But Rig'rous Scorn provokes the Female kind.

Thus rag'd the Fair One ; When such Haughty
inflam'd my Rage of Soul, and I reply'd ; [Pride
Curse on thy Tongue, and Curse on all thy Race ;
May all your Passions quicken to Disgrace ;
May all your Loves fail of desir'd Success,
May all your Troubles meet with no Redress ;
But oh ! Great, Pow'ful God, my Rage excuse,
Forgive the Raptures, that my Flames produce ;
And hear a Wretched Mortal. —— Thus I said,
And Cupid stops me, and bespake the Maid.

Can Impudence be Pardon'd thus in Love ?
Is there no Penal Law reserv'd above ?
No doubt there is, but that for Carraal Vice,
Or Pride, or Luxury, or Avarice ;
No Punishments for Lover's Am'rous Yows,
Ingratitude in Love ev'n Heav'n allows ;

Such are not then my Laws, a Perjur'd Breath
Is doom'd for Inexistence after Death ;
To those, that Reign'd Sincerely in their Loves,
Grant we Fruition of these Spacious Groves ;
Perhaps we let some Joy on Earth, and lead
Successful Lives, exempt from Cares and Need ;
'Tis in our Province to pursue their Days,
With Ignominious Tales, or Echoing Praise ;
Judge thou Impartial, tell the Mortals Fate ;
His Faults are hideous, and his Crimes are Great,
His Deeds Enormous are ; The worse his State.
This Pow'r committed to the Maid, the God
Confirm'd the Promise with the Fatal Nod ;
And by his Quiver swore ; Witness ye Groves,
Haunts, where my Dearest Care renew their Loves ;
By this my Quiver, Mighty Heav'ns, I Swear
I will perform the Wishes of the Fair ;

This

This Quiver Witness, made by Vulcan's Art,
A Gift from Venus, when my Lustful Dart
Inflam'd Aeneas Soul, and wounded Dido's Heart.

Thus Rag'd the God; When thus the Maiden Spake,
Now all ye Pow'rs, some Grateful Pity take;
Teach me to Wish, Teach me some Hellish Thought,
Teach me to Fate the Murd'rer as I ought;
To Mighty Victor, sue with Suppliant Knees
To the Nine Sisterhood of Poetry;
Instead of Am'rous Pleasures, let the Curse
of a Starv'd Pocket, and an Empty Purse,
A Haggard Visage, and a Pallid Face,
Wrinkled Forehead mark'd with foul Disgrace,
the Shades of Honour, and the Ghost of Fame,
the Mist of Praise, and Smoke of Poet's Name,

RAMSAY

So

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So Cloud your Brain, and Skim before your Eyes,
As Spectres Flitt before the Morning's Rise ;
So let them Haunt your Dreams, and Troublous Fly
In Airy Forms, until the Madman Die.

So wifk'd my Derrid, Fateful, Mard to us Fair,
When the Fair Form dissolv'd in Shapeless Air,
And I int' thought Reflecting on my Fate,
Turn'd my self round, and found an Iv'ry Gate,
Through which the Pow'r Immortal led the Way,
Just as the Star's Wink'd at th' Approaching Ray,
When Dozing Slumbers leave the Sensitive Mind,
And Visions Rise more Myrick and Resist,
Then Bright Aurora deck'd Profusely Gay,
With Roseal Hoods unbarr'd the Gates of Day.